

The Ultimate Simp Act: Be Recognized

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The Ultimate Simp Act: Be Recognized

by Anonymous

Summary

Dream was aware of what he was getting into in a few minutes. He was /painfully/ aware of what he was getting into right now. To actually comply with the rules of the game, to actually turn his camera on in the second he was told so, and what that meant.

It meant any piece of dignity had been lost. And he was ultimately, as his fans lovely called him, a George simp.

or, Dream comes to a rather not shocking revelation, moments before he enters Love or Host.

Notes

hihi.

so i'm very new at the whole writing in english thing. i hope i can improve.

in the meantime, take this awful fic. i had fun thinking just how far dream can go to make george happy. hope you like it.

dreaming sure is a hard thing to do

Dream was aware of what he was getting into in a few minutes. He was *painfully* aware of what he was getting into right now. To actually comply with the rules of the game, to actually turn his camera on in the second he was told so, and what that meant.

It meant any piece of dignity had been lost. And he was ultimately, as his fans lovely called him, a George simp.

But it had been decided from the start, wasn't it? He knew this from the start, far before he started to flirt with him on camera, even before he even thought about joining channels. He knew this from the first moment he saw him laugh by a joke he had made. "Oh," he thought, "what an enchanting smile". And it all went downhill from there.

Dream was an author: He enjoyed writing, he loved the thrill of speaking his mind into worlds, of building situations and civilizations by his quill, he enjoyed all of that. The novel idea, while shoved aside by the much more safe, economically convenient youtube, hadn't been buried, and he half wondered if the clout youtube gave him was enough to secure that his novel actually sells, independent of how good it actually is.

Point is, Dream liked to write. And if he was pressured, even if he was held at gunpoint, he still couldn't describe how absolutely amazing George was. He'd tried. Sapnap found out about it and has restlessly teased him about it since then. But he'd tried, uncountable times, to ever begin to show how much he felt about George. He still couldn't.

So he'd flirt with him on camera, and out of camera, and in their late discords calls, and in front of their friends (who all knew or at least suspected) or alone, when just the two of them were talking. He just couldn't help it. He needed him to know, without him actually realizing how much he meant.

And so, when Dream heard an excited George on the other end of the call, talking about how the 'Love or Host' dude had DMed him just now, and when it was happening, a little idea formed in his mind.

But what if I joined

It was all memes at first. It was just for the laughs. He saw a few people having the same idea. But, before he realized, he was DMing the same guy, asking how much of his face he was required to show if he, maybe, potentially, wanted to get in. He knew he wasn't going to say no, because the thought of Dream, almost 10 millions subscribers, doing a face reveal in his show was way too good to be true. And George had actually not given any gender barriers. Which was, in the Brit's own voice, interesting.

And then he was begging Sapnap to also join because he was not going to go through that alone, mind you, and Sapnap as his best friend of a lifetime had said yes, but not after asking a hundred of favours and for him to say the dumbest thing and record it, and even post a tweet (to his alt, of course). So Sapnap was there. And also he managed to get a smiley mask that would not make him uncomfortable just to appear here. Cleaned his room all alone for once. Damn, he even asked his sister to help him look good.

The last thing he needed to do was actually putting his cam on.

It wasn't hard in the slightest, except it was, it very much was, even if he was let to have a mask cover half of his face, and only his eyes were showing up. It was scary, because he could already see anything he did being recorded, screenshotted, retweeted. He could already see twitter, youtube, and it sometimes felt as if even the whole world, go wild with not even half of his face, and a little insight of his room.

And even like that, he wasn't backing out now. And he was going to do it.

Why? When George was surely straight as fuck and just going to see this as a joke, making him leave in the first round, or maybe the second if he got rid of Sapnap the round before? What was the point when he was just going to laugh when he sees he chose love, not host, and when he hears his dumb excuse, "I don't need your clout"?

Of course he knows *why*.

The amusement in his voice makes it worth it. Just the thought of him smiling in his shocked fashion makes it so, so worth it. And Dream can't give up that little, barely inexistent, hope that maybe they could have a similar story to what his other british friend had.

"And finally, our most expected guest, ladies and gentlemen: Dream himself, making a face reveal in our program! What do you think, George? Dream, say hi."

Dream barely registered the words Austin had said, as blood pumped through his veins and filled his earbuds. He just managed a shy 'hi', looking around, clearly out of his element.

And then, at last, gaspy, short of breath, disbelief smile, even clapping, was the guy for whom he would do anything to ensure his happiness. And he seemed very, very happy.

So Dream considered his simping a win.

but sometimes dreaming can save you,

Chapter Summary

As the night progresses, George has some complications. Turns out Dream isn't the only noticing things this night.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Now, George was a very simple person. He was a Minecraft Youtuber, after all, a job that had proved to be more lucrative than he thought it would be; he was a coder in Java, he was colorblind, and he was in love with his best friend. The public—or anyone, really—could only know three of these things, could only have a confirmation on those three things, and could only speculate on the fourth. He was an expert hiding information, and he was an expert in playing whatever role the world threw at him. He could be the cool older figure, the shy side guy, whatever it was needed for him to go unnoticed.

Something he was, on the other hand, not used to, was being the romantic interest. He wasn't used to being pursued, per se, even though everyone seemed to like his looks. It wasn't a situation he was specially used to, in his introverted nature, being only really comfortable when on call with his closest friends, or . And, as far as he was aware before all of this fiasco, was that they had no interest in him, romantically.

He was *a bit* wrong about it, so it seemed. But we'll get to that later.

When Dream had told him what he thought about him being on his LoH, he had laughed. There was no way he was being serious, so he obviously replied accordingly. Maybe his answer as tinted with a little more earnest approach as he wanted to, but there was no way Dream had to know that. 'If you get in, I'll choose you. No matter what you chose.' He laughed it off, then, and kept talking about this new video idea he had for the next collab in the main channel. George listened to him as he rambled, with a fond expression and a subtle blush hidden by the fact that his camera wasn't on today, not really paying attention to what he said and how he said it. He was, in more ways than one, whipped.

There was no way he was going to tell that to anyone, thought.

The world knew already enough about him, and that enough was already sufficient for him to be shredded into pieces. With information this soft, this raw? He couldn't take it. Didn't know how to.

Dream, of course, thought otherwise. Being open with his fans to the point of clownery, about the most random stuff, while also treasuring the liberty his anonymity gave him. What a curious person his friend was.

That took him to see the first insight ever of his room, his hair, his *eyes*, in a video call. In a dating show, not before, not even when he had practically begged him to in call and off call. Sure enough, this person, *Dream*, seemed a little nervous. He clearly was out of his element, wasn't sure what to do with his hands, and kept forgetting to look at the camera when he spoke. Such awkwardness, in a person that prided themselves to a point of being compared to a god, was delightful. Or George was just whipped. Either way, he couldn't help to laugh and clap excitedly. Not even Sapnap's reveal got him this excited, and for a second, he didn't bother to hide it from the world. However, the show must go on.

With mocked angryness, way too fond to be taken seriously, he screamed.

"Dream! What are you doing here?!"

Dream's eyes seemed to light themselves at his playful aggressiveness, as in saying 'oh, you're on'. He dismissed him quickly.

"Couldn't let them take my man, Georgie."

With every round, he finds it more difficult to find excuses not to kick Dream. The first round he didn't even hesitate to kick Sapnap, claiming that he was looking for someone to date, not to babysit, but after then he just—kicked another girl. He had pretty good reasons, calling out lies and weird comments from the girls, but the lower the number of girls who were actually looking to date him and not here for the bit, for the show, it was harder. Dream, the absolute bastard, was also trying his hardest to put down the other girls and actually make himself seem like the best option which was, to put it shortly, annoying. How was he supposed to reject him when he was talking so sweetly and actually thinking about his answers? How was he supposed to kick him when he was being so, *so* adorable, and endearing, and wonderful in the way only Dream could be? When he moved his hands when he got excited speaking to him or to the other contestants? When he talked just a little bit too loud when he got caught in an argument and forgot about his shyness? When he waited with bated breath for Austin to announce what person was going home next? There was no way George could get him out.

Plus, the content. The content is his main excuse for when Dream gets, inevitable, weirded out. Although, Dream seemed to be having the time of his life.

Having Dream in the contest also proves to be a better idea than expected. He falls almost naturally into the carrying role, moving the conversation forward and getting the girls to 'fight for him', which is something that apparently amuses both Austin and the audience. George won't ever admit it, but it amuses him too, how hard he's trying. Besides, it takes some weight off of his own shoulders, content with speaking way less than he should in a dating show, and being comfortable enough with a person he already trusts. He merely laughs at Dream's detective antics and replies the best he can to the other girl's and Austin inquires. He's, quite clearly, more happy now that he knows Dream is there, and he gets to goof a little more.

All that joy is taken away, though, now that Austin interrupts their bickering and announces the round is over and he has to make a decision. The worst one, really- there are only three contestants yet, and the next round is date round. Which means he should, by all means, vote Dream off. Austin asks the three of them to explain themselves and why they shouldn't be voted off, and after both the girls talk, it's Dream's turn. George's heart takes a lap.

"George- you can't vote me off! Just, after everything we have been through- it's, um, it's," the blonde boy has caught up in his dilemma, apparently. He's more nervous than before, tripping over his words, while a bit of blush seems to slip from his mask. He breathes in, murmurs some words to himself that the microphone doesn't quite pick up, and resumes his defense. "I am here to compete, alright? This isn't a, I mean, I have to defend my homie, you know? *And*," George can almost hear his smirk now. "Let's just say I'm obviously the best option here."

He hesitated for a bit at the beginning, but now he sounds very determined. And George has to make an actual effort to not let his mouth hanging by the shock. He had never before seen Dream defend himself in his detective persona, let alone even speak, but the force of his stance, the way his hands move from side to side, not a movement wasted or left hanging. It's a wonderful sight. Dare he say, he looks hot. Or, of course, that's just George being whipped. So whipped that he forget for a few seconds he is being broadcasted to hundreds of people for a bit. He composes himself, and keeps listening.

God forbid anyone clips that (someone definitely will).

"Like, girls, calm down," Dream answers to the disbelief noises he hears from the other two contestants, Minx and Andrea. "Come on now. You two are great and all of that, I'm sure you two could be great partners or whatever. But I," *he's definitely smirking right now*, George thinks, *even if his mask hides it*.

"I know George. And it's obvious from here that *he* enjoys having me around."

"Is that true, George?" Minx presses, faking a pout, and he's suddenly back into the spotlight. He feels himself go numb at the sudden attention, his stomachs sinks, and he's yet again afraid of saying the wrong thing.

Dream catches that, because of course he does.

"Oh, you don't even have to ask him. It's true, I just know it. He knows it, too. He won't vote me off." And with such cocky attitude Dream brings back himself to the competition, which is something that George is very grateful for. But then he realizes his choice is even harder than before, and he lowkey curses Dream again. If he votes him off, he can't exactly say it is because Dream isn't taking it seriously, he has just said the contrary. But at the same time, he doesn't want to kick him off, even if it will definitely be weird to have a date with his best friend. For Dream, at least. George has imagined this moment, although slightly different, for a long time. He wished his first actual date with his long time crush didn't have 100k viewers but, oh well.

George takes a good while to answer, while Dream, Minx and Andre take back their bickering for the audience. For all the thinking he has done, the decision, once he makes his mind to not be an idiot, is easy to make. He replies to Austin on Discord and the moderator call silence, with his dramatic fashion. Everyone is holding their breath for the name he's going to say next.

"Andrea! I'm sorry, it's the end of the road for you. George, would you like to tell us why you decided to kick her?" Austin says, and before George can even get a word out a celebratory 'wooo' is heard from the other call and he moves his eyes just in time to see Dream celebrating and moving his arms in excitement at the news. He's also rotating his chair, with a little too much force because it seems like-

"Dream! You'll fa-" he can't even get his words out before Dream falls of the chair because it broke balance. His laughing, however, doesn't stop, and even increases as he's on the floor. George can't help it to start laughing too, alongside the other contestants, except for the girl that had just been picked to leave, who seems genuinely upset.

"Okay, wow, Dream, you got a little excited there- um, George, back at you. Would you mind telling us your reasoning?" Austin supplies again.

Well, he thought, I would like to keep my crush and a person that almost always picks host, thank you very much. No awkward dates here. However, he settled with pointing out he wasn't really interested in her, sorry. Dream, still on the floor, perked up at that.

"Wait, wait, then you're interested in us?" He said us, but it was clear by his tone that he meant *him*. George did everything in his power to keep his face uninterested and very much not red, as he makes the motion of ignoring him.

"Whatever helps you sleep at night, I don't really care." He settled for that and looked away as Andrea pouted and Austin declared her as a love. Now, everyone was in the consensus that both Minx and Dream were hosts, but no one thought about pointing that out. He grimaced, a bit, because now the thing he was dreading will come.

Date with Minx. Date with Dream.

He reassured himself thinking it was the last bit for him to be free. He wanted out already, but there is no such an option here. So he smiled and went in his private date with Minx.

Chapter End Notes

new chapter after weeks pog ?

is it worth the try this time?

Chapter Summary

"I actually didn't think Austin was going to let me in! It was a surprise when he told me I could. Well, obviously, he must've seen the opportunity to make money with my 'face reveal', but still."

" Well," George hummed, as blush rose in his cheeks. "He made the right decision."

"If you say so." Dream replied shyly.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

His date with Minx, as far as internet first dates go, wasn't so bad. She teased him, and he surprised himself actually teasing back. He could feel the irony of her 'simping' from miles away and it was very entertaining overall. He hoped he could chat with her a little more after the event, because she was very funny and George found he liked her enough to try and befriend her despite his awkwardness.

As he heard Austin voice and he got back to the main call, he realized what was going to happen right now. Nervousness seemed to flood out of nowhere and he found himself back at square one, wishing he hadn't actually accepted to be in the show.

His date with Dream was next.

It wasn't weird for them to be on call alone, of course. Not even with people present. But within this new context, any words, any jokes, could be taken either more seriously or could fall flat to the ground. It was foreign territory and George was terrified, yet again, of saying the wrong thing. Of course, being the absolutely angel that he was, Dream just knew how to help him.

"Hey, before the date begins, I just wanna ask. George, do your shoes need shining?"

To say Dream was panicking was a understatement. He was sweating hard, his hands didn't know how to stay still anymore and he was one question away to start ranting to himself.

But before anything, he knew George was thousands times more stressed. Like, both of them were out of his comfort zones, but as usual George was going through more stress than him.

It came as second nature, to care about George. Not like he needed it— but Dream liked to protect him, after all. He didn't know how to express it correctly sometimes, not wanting to seem as if he was making fun of his friend, but something always came when it was about him. Specially him. He really just wanted to care about him, so he took the fall almost every time. He knew how much criticism he could take, and how afraid he was of showing himself vulnerable, so Dream made his best to push those buttons but not to pass his boundaries, and shielding him from the hate he could get. Even if he could be impulsive and, he will admit, stupid, his best interest was always for him. He didn't quite know how to express that in a sincere way, for much he had tried before. Talking feeling and deescalating situations wasn't his forte, and that was clear.

So humor was a good second.

"No, no. Seriously." he kept going despite George's and his own wheezes. "Should you need coffee? George, George—"

"Dream, I, I can't." George rolled his eyes while he was controlling his laughter, taken aback by the meme his friend just quoted, not expecting it. At whatever he meant to do, he succeeded: his shoulders now felt light and any tension that there was before was dissipated from the air, with just the two of them. Another win for Dream simping, in his humble opinion. Seeing that George and he were calm enough and sliding into a comfortable silence, he decided to talk. It was a sort of date, after all.

"In all seriousness," he begins. He sees George's face kind of fall. He doesn't like it, but he can't back out now. It's for the show, he chants, it's for the show. Don't let them see, don't let them now. They will just laugh at it. "I don't mind who you chose. Seriously, all of this was really fun but," he shrugs. "I don't want you to feel pressured to choose something they or I want. This was really funny, and I'm glad I was let in here."

He watches George look at him intensely and remembers how annoying being perceived actually is. He can't pull off his confident persona when he also has to control his hands to tick, and keep his posture correctly, and basically being conscious about himself. So annoying. He feels flustered about his gaze, and that only means he talks more. Fuck.

"I mean, you know like. Minx is a good option, I guess, and I didn't really think you'd get me this far, haha. Plus, I-"

"Why did you get in, actually?" George asks, interrupting him. Dream is quiet for seconds. George's still looking at him very intensely, as the question sinks in. Dream resorts to humor once again. He think they're playing a very weird game of pull and push, in which he doesn't have the higher ground. So he'll go back to pushing.

"Because I'm a simp, ele o em ele. That's what the fans say, at least." He says matter of factly, with a laugh. He doesn't really like being the only one answering here, but might as well. "Thought it was a good way to pass the time."

"So you choose host, obviously." He murmurs, sounding a little disappointed. But the words are too absurd to notice his tone. Dream pulls.

"You think I would choose host?! Oh, George, you don't know me? I'm so offended right now." He puts his hand where his heart should be, and makes the motion of dying. George just huffs. "REALLY?! George, I'm like. I love you, you know that, right?"

George studies him for a second. He settles for a whisper. Push.

"This is a dating show."

Ayo, Dream thinks, *all or nothing*. He pulls.

"I'm aware of that."

"You don't act like it."

"Then choose Minx."

"But- you just said you chose love."

"'Cause I did."

"Why?"

"'Cause you're pretty and I love you, duh."

George hums. The date is over.

Dream thinks this one moment is 50/50.

And a second later, he realizes dreadfully that *that* was most likely clipped.

George didn't think choosing could be so stressful. He was terrified of the implications of any of the options he had. On one hand, he could reject Dream and chose Minx, and lost the game. It would be sad, Dream would be playfully mad at him for a while, and they'd fall back into their dynamic of Dream flirting and George rejecting him, because it was a joke. On the other, he could chose Dream and he'd also laugh at him, either with playing the 'husband' in his weird roleplay, or by revealing that he had lied and chosen host. No option left him satisfied.

Was it a joke from Dream, anymore? George didn't know what to take from this. For how smitten that he was with such dumbass, the homiesexual joke was getting kinda old, considering his own feelings. How much genuine was all of this? That care, that love? How much could he trust Dream with these vulnerable, soft feelings? It was always scary.

And he hadn't even begun in the backlash. People ready to jump at his throat or to baby him, to question every movement he made.

Funny enough, he already had a name in his hotboard ready to be sent to Austin. Just like every round before.

He just couldn't bring himself to hurt him, just as much as he knew Dream wasn't going to — intentionally— hurt him.

They were best friends.

He decided, either way, to tune in the main talking for a bit. To drag the inevitable.

"So, Dream. Look, what if we do 50/50. I get the whole homie vibe, you know." Minx said and Dream laughed. "Seriously, I do! I know how to share."

"But I don't." The boy replied, looking around. He stuck one hand outside of the camera and coed at something behind his PC. "Oh, hey! Paches, c'mere. Guys, look." He took Patches in his hands and showed her towards the camera. All the people present in the call coed and he started petting her while talking. "Nah, bros befor- oops, before girls. Sorry Minx, better luck next time."

George didn't even register sending the message, but next second Austin was clapping his hands and announcing the choice had been done. Both Minx and Dream looked at the camera in a second, already expecting the results.

George smiled at the camera.

He didn't care.

Dream was sweating again.

"And he!"

He was so sweaty. It was disgusting.

"Choose!"

Dream couldn't look at it. His hands roamed over Patches' fur almost maniacally. Moment of truth. Leap of faith.

"Love!"

"Wait, really? You're kidding. You didn't lie!"

"Who do you think I am, Georgie? We are going on a d-"

"Dream, your simping worked!" Sappnap interjected before he could even finish. He started wheezing.

"You see, guys?" He spoke to the camera. "Simping works!"

"Not to interrupt this lovely moment, but George, I think you just broke Twitter." Austin joined in. Dream took his phone to check the news and, sure enough, his page didn't load.

"No way! George, we just broke the internet! Oh my god."

George laughed away, with his wonderful out of breath, shocked, surprised laugh. He made the motion of looking through twitter in his other monitor, with an excited smile. Minx was also howling, even though she had also chosen love and had been rejected. Saying that- did Dream just win LoH? With his crush? It seemed like he did.

He snuck one glance to George, who was still freaking out about breaking the Internet. His hair was a little longer than usual, and the dark shirt complimented his features. He seemed ethereal in the soft red lighting.

And Dream knew everything would be alright. A win.

And if after their minecraft date with three (uninvited) guests and lots of grieving and screaming George talked to Dream in Discord and asked him on another one, for mayor privacy, well.

He just had to make sure to thank Austin later for letting Dream in.

Chapter End Notes

THIS WAS SO MUCH FUN. thank you for the good reception. i've discovered writing in english is funnier than i thought. i posted another fic (messaging the way to your heart). you should check that one too. thank you for reading. :)

the thing at the beginning (chapter summary) is a conversation i think they had in their second, private date.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!